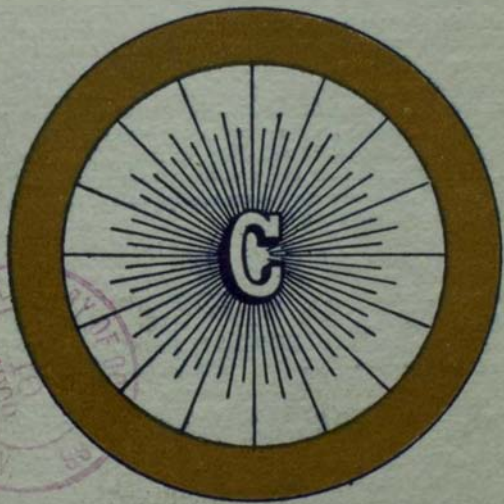


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# THE CENTER

NOVEMBER



LEADING ARTICLE

*The Joy of Knowing*

# Harmony Club of America

An independent organization of earnest people everywhere, who want to make the most of life and to be happy while doing it. The aim and object is: To harmonize people with themselves, their surroundings and each other; to prove the efficient value of a smile and song in everyday life; to establish the perfect unity of body, mind, heart, and spirit; to investigate, formulate, and demonstrate the scientific laws of Happiness; to enunciate the principles of wholesome, triumphant, sincere living; to present the discoveries of modern psychology in simple, attractive guise; to put those who want vital knowledge in touch with those who have it; to maintain a brotherhood of individuals, where sympathy is the only bond; to impart the secrets of self-help, as the highest form of altruism; to promote free discussion of every subject that makes for clear understanding of life. Literature mailed on receipt of postage. Headquarters at 30 Church Street, New York City.

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*The Joy of Knowing*

The aim of pleasure is not folly but education.

Hence, the pleasure-seeker is fundamentally a student.

This is why rapture often ends in anguish. For gloom teaches, even more than gladness. When we have mastered the lexicon of joy, we are only prepared for the alphabet of sorrow. The guide of infinite resource is the illumination born of despair.

Knowledge and pleasure are identical. We cannot learn what we fail to enjoy, we cannot enjoy that which fails to impart a lesson. A brief course in trigonometry may totally ruin the mind of a poet; while a forced parley with the Elizabethan wordsters may divert a natural-born astronomer from his mission in life. This is the paradox of education: that the supreme wisdom lies in the choice of what we study, but we don't know it until we have chosen wrong.

The sauce piquant of pleasure is curiosity. And what is curiosity but eagerness to know? If we look back to the joys of early childhood, we realize how their source of charm was in the dew of mystery that lay upon them. The virgin thrill of expectation that ushers enjoyment into our lives is perhaps the sweetest thrill of all. We are then on the point of knowing, radiant with the glamour that shines across the enchanted threshold of a wider experience. Either innocence, or understanding, lifts pleasure from the realm of the earthly into the domain of the spiritual. Innocence *would* know, understanding *does* know; and where knowing is the beginning of feeling, the end is pure delight.

Anticipation is held more ecstatic than possession. Why? Because the former is a continuation, but the latter a cessation, of our human desire to know. This should not be. Pleasure of itself never palls, but only the impurity that we ignorantly mix with pleasure. In the dregs of the cup of joy lies the proof of its righteousness. And to be sated with anything is to have been unsanctified.

Pity the man who mourns the lost delights of his youth; he has merely stopped growing. If Happiness were effervescence, children would be happy; but Happiness is not. Happiness is a clean and brave progression into larger fields of knowledge. And by virtue of our immortality, we should



be happiest on our death-day. If knowledge of life does not mean consciousness of Heaven, our learning has been faulty, or incomplete.

The joy of knowing is evidenced in a homely illustration that every good old-fashioned child will recognize. Didn't you use to tell your mother what you liked best for dinner; and then—lots and lots of times—beg her *not* to let you know what you were going to have until you came to the feast? Surprises are lovely because they contain many sorts of knowledge given all at once.

Doctors claim that stiffened blood-vessels are the first mark of advancing age. Don't you believe it; old age first appears not in sluggish arteries but in sluggish anticipations. It is a vain exertion to get up in the morning unless a feeling of buoyancy pulls you out of bed and into work. The elixir of life is expectancy. Those who have gained approach to this font require no other stimulant. Never scold the child who gets into "mischief." He is an original investigator, temporarily side-tracked. The goodness that is all grace and no gumption belongs on a tombstone alongside the weeping willow trees. And the boy that never makes trouble never makes anything else.

There is a tragedy, however, in our unappeasable thirst for knowledge;—the ghastly price of it. What would a man not give for the generous impulse, fond hope, tender fancy and bright illusion that he has paid, little by little, for his worldly-wisdom? Life grows worse than empty with the passing of the dream from our eyes. So much of our painfully acquired wisdom is false; and I would that every teacher, every minister, every physician, every parent, might learn first of all to distinguish the real. Babies dying by the tens

of thousands for lack of proper care and wholesome nourishment; children the world over diligently gathering knowledge of their source from the gutter instead of from the shrine; youths being trained by rote with the hideous object of making a living because they fear to die; lads and lassies marrying, wholly unprepared—entering the great dim sanctuary of life with a jest on their lips and the dust of the highway on their garments; women bravely suffering and men grimly slaving that their offspring may have the mere chance to grow; nations devoting vast fortunes to the equipage of armies while the poor cry for bread and the lonely plead for kindness; society worshiping titles and riches, leaving the man of genius to work unaided and perish of want; whole communities buried in gossip—and countless worlds holding out their mysteries for man to explore; schools teaching everything but how to live; prisons made to punish instead of reclaim; churches closed and barred six days in the week—though sin never even slumbers; who can dwell on these pitiful things and not burn with eagerness to make the truth known? The poor, the sinful, the miserable, the ill and weak and hopeless, are merely untaught. Instruct and you reform; inspire and you save.

There are four stages of wisdom. In the first you know; in the second you know you know; in the third you know you do not know; in the fourth and last you know you need not know. *Body* knows, *Brain* knows it knows, *Heart* knows it does not know, *Soul* knows it need not know. Each kind of knowing is important, none is all-sufficient.

The majority of so-called educated people confine their awareness to their *body*—they require tangible proof or they will not believe. The physical sensation of handling,

seeing, tasting, smelling, or hearing, is fundamental to perception in the rank and file of humanity. Try to elucidate an abstract principle to the average mortal and see what response you get. He can judge a good cigar, she can appraise a new bonnet, but can either give a logical opinion of clairvoyance, radio-activity, reincarnation, or the symbology of the Bible?

At the opposite extreme—the knowing of the *intellect*—we find the professional psychologist, metaphysician or mahatma. He can juggle theories nimbly and he takes no other exercise. He can tell you what your aura looks like, but he cannot tell you how to get the mud off it or the specks out of it. He is authority on the Supraliminal Ego—and ignoramus on the Jungle Beast that clothes the Ego with human form. Now instinct must precede inspiration as walking precedes flying. And a knowledge of how to breathe, bathe, eat, sleep, and exercise according to Nature, is fundamental to a normal application of psychology.

Most children, many women, and a few sensitive men, are anchored on the *heart-plane*. They know how they feel, and that is their gauge of life. They subsist on thrills. They idolize affection. They seek adoration. Their bible is the mood of their friend. When their friends disappoint—as friends always do—they plunge at a breath from their mount of elation to a chaos of gloom thrice blacker than night. Now, every disappointment is an interrupted lesson. And the clinging nature must learn that it cannot *depend* on aught save its own ideal. The heart illumines, but the heart cannot empower. And what we miss in our friendships is what we have never given to them.



The highest plane of wisdom is the region of the mystic. He knows that he has no need of knowledge. Poised, calm, aloof, he dwells on the sunlit peak of absolute faith. He has learned the secret of God; which is to smile and let go. Caring for nothing but freedom of soul, he has passed the human limitations that forever haunt men, and is clearly established where the shadows do not fall. This heavenly knowing is rare because few will pay the price. Years of mental anguish, physical deprivation, moral heroism, must first be undergone. Yet, this is the way of peace. And the soul that has the vision of its own destiny follows, exulting, to the end.

Knowledge pays most and best of all that we struggle to obtain. Yet how many of us know real knowledge when we see it?

*"I know I can do and be what I will!"*—this is the underpinning of true education; what college, in all the world, is founded thereon? Rather, in proportion as a man is highly educated, does the soul too often become unknown and unknowable.

The mysteries of creation from which our vital forces directly proceed—who knows aught of them? Birth; Death; Sleep; Genius; Affinity; Imagination; Immortality; such themes constitute the genesis of life. Yet how many books in the average "well-ordered" library provide real instruction on these fundamental points?

There is no Death. But from our cradle we are taught to stand in constant fear of mortal dissolution as of an ogre defying God our Maker and snatching us to ruin by an outcome inevitable.

The pronouncement of "incurable disease" is a wretched slander on both Nature and God. Yet I suppose thou-



sands of invalids perish every year because some over-sure and under-knowing doctor tells them they can't get well. Whoever says *can't* is at best a falsifier, at worst a murderer.

The supreme folly of a common education is in cramming the brain with dead facts that have no relation to the needs of ordinary life. Ancient history, prehistoric research, foreign geography, nebular hypotheses, cerebral contortions of differential calculus, merely cloud the intellect and render the forces of initiative dull, slow and feeble. Knowledge that fails to become instant action must always remain hearsay, myth, or speculation. If trade-schools were to require a practical study of mystic philosophy, they would be worth more as educators than the common schools and the universities put together.

The brain is to the soul what the telegraph *instrument* is to the *operator*. The brain receives and transmits impressions—that is all. Whence these impressions shall come, what they shall be, how they shall be carried out, lies with the soul to determine.

There are four kinds of human wisdom; that of *Body*, that of *Brain*, that of *Heart*, that of *Soul*. Each is indispensable to character. No man is educated until he has been taught equally of *Instinct*, *Intellect*, *Intuition*, *Inspiration*. Yet in the school curriculum, we have made Intellect absolute monarch, instead of a humble fourth in a balanced oligarchy. Education is all-roundness or nothing. The scholar, the monk, the poet and the pugilist are equally uneducated. Each has idolized one teacher, while spurning three. Each is one-fourth of a man. Each deserves pity.

*Instinct* is the voice of Nature in the forest, *Intellect* the voice of Man in the school or shop, *Intuition* the voice of

Woman in the home, *Inspiration* the voice of God in the temple, the sea, the sky, or the dream of a loved one. Can we fully chime in the chorus of joy—or have we neglected some primal note in life's harmony?

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## EXAMPLES OF REAL KNOWLEDGE

### *First; Knowledge of Body*

A fellow-worker had been absent from the office for a number of days. The writer, sent to investigate, found the young man in the depths of gloom. Sore throat, chills and fever, splitting headache, unruly stomach, nervous collapse, these were a few of the symptoms. The invalid was huddled over the fire, doing his best to catch up with his work but failing miserably. Suggestions were given him as follows:

"Quit work absolutely; every ounce of energy should be left for Nature to use in the process of recovery. Eat nothing to-day but one light meal, consisting of two fresh apples and a little zweibach thoroughly masticated. Turn off the heat (the weather was mild), put your overcoat in the moth-bag, and start exercising as though your life depended on it. Open the window, and breathe for a half-hour to the bottom of your lungs. Then go at a punching-bag with all your might. When you're perspiring healthily, take a vigorous crash-rub over the whole body, followed by a cool shower bath. Rest in bed for a couple of hours, with the room darkened and a cold-water compress around your throat. Every half-hour all day, sip a glass of fresh water not iced.

Whenever you aren't otherwise engaged, be laughing at your symptoms and telling them to skedaddle. Just before retiring, drink a pint of hot lemonade, take a hot foot-bath, with a cathartic and enema to finish the cleansing process. Then sleep the sleep of the just, and expect to wake as fine as a fiddle."

The sick man, accustomed to headache powders, self-pity, and the idea of "eating to keep up your strength," thought such advice rather strange and unprecedented. But he followed it. Next morning he was ready for work; and more, he was positively radiant with the joy of knowing! Well-educated as the term goes, he had been all his life in abject ignorance of the simple rudiments of hygiene. "How To Keep Well" should be the primary lesson in every institution of learning.

### *Second Example; Knowledge of Brain*

This friend was acutely troubled with neuritis. Healers, physicians, nerve-specialists, had failed even to diagnose the case. The man's nerves were on fire; he couldn't sleep, eat, exercise, or comply with any of the normal conditions of life. Delusions, hallucinations, obsessions, began to appear; the sufferer grappled with the unspeakable horror of going mad. The answer to his cry for help was:

"You should have been an artist, a writer, or a musician. You are sensitive, highly-strung, impressionable, idealistic. Your work is that of a tan-bark mule. You and your work must part company. The explanation of your ailment is this: Your brain receives great thoughts, fine impulses, noble aspirations; your body fails to carry them out; result, congestion at the nerve-centers to the degree that you keep your



emotion bottled up. Your salvation is to *express what you feel*. Write a book, compose an oratorio, found a hospital or lead a lost cause. That will take the pressure off your brain and give you a chance for life."

He wrote the book. And in less than a month the serious complications were gone. Embryonic geniuses, only God can tell how many, are to-day confined in hospitals for the insane because we have not learned to recognize the touch of madness that lights the divine fire.

### *Third Example; Knowledge of Heart*

A young girl of a rarely beautiful nature was grieving to the point of despair. The youth whom she idealized would not, or could not, appreciate her love. The fault lay in her blindness—unrequited love is an absolute impossibility. One of two never loves alone, they both do or neither does. This, however, would not do to tell her—a woman believes her own heart against all the experience of the world. We only asked her to try this:

"Open a thousand chambers in your heart, and keep them all filled. Instead of taking from one man his whole affection, give yours to all the world. Become indispensable to your friends. Make them want to bring to you their joys and cares and sorrows. And, if the right man comes, nothing in the Universe can separate you."

It is enough comment on the success of the experiment to remark that the girl is to-day a nun. She was in love with Love; and she is thankful now that the man she did not love never loved her.



#### *Fourth Example; Knowledge of Soul*

A very humble woman, janitress of a New York apartment house, with no education to speak of and no culture at all, has four of the brightest, sweetest children you ever saw. In response to the admiration I expressed, she merely observed: "So many people make a fuss over children and spoil them with too much attention; I just let them be, and watch them grow."

Where that woman got her spiritual knowledge I don't know; but she has it. Just to "*let them be*"; was a finer mode of training ever devised for children? There is something morally deficient in the child who never loved to "play in the dirt." Modern civilization tends to make babies nothing but little old men. A certain degree of mental and physical non-interference in early youth is essential to spiritual unfoldment. This does not mean parental irresponsibility, it means a sharp eye and a loving heart, acting together. The parent who can watch a child *without warning* it has learned the first principle of home administration, which is to be conscientious but not combative.

At the extremes of life are the lessons.

Women feel this, instinctively. And nothing delights a mischievous lady more than to upset a man, wherever he is, then let him flounder for something new to cling to. A form of education most salutary if not most agreeable.

It is reported that the wife of the world's greatest prize-fighter calls him "My Baby Jim." You need not laugh at Baby Jim. One such pet-name, bestowed by the woman of his heart, teaches a man like that more than he learns from a hundred bloody battles waged in the fistic arena. If a

man cannot be a hero to his wife—let him be a child. The wisdom of Heaven will permeate the world when the world has given every woman some one to idolize or something to pet.

Should you ask me how to grow very learned, I would answer only this:

Be somebody else for a while. Give your body, brain, heart and soul a rest from the habitual and a pleasure-joint into the extraordinary. Whatever the opposite is, do it. Change your studies, activities, amusements, and inclinations. Make friends with the people you never knew and did not care to know. Read the books too silly for any use—or too abstract for you to waste your time on. If you are a miser, observe how gracefully money sails away; if you are a socialist, get rich. If you enjoy smashing things, cultivate silence and meditation; if you exalt the conventions, do something breathlessly free and outlandish. If you being a man take pride in your foolish brain, ask God to make some woman care enough for you to demolish your absurd intellectualisms; if you being a woman despise that brain, wait till Providence removes the source of your bread-and-butter, then reflect how indispensable a superfluous thing may be.

Briefly, the whole matter comes to this: He is educated who can see both sides of a question yet not be on the fence. To live one's own faith with the utmost enthusiasm—but to welcome and respect every man's opinion; this is the heart of wisdom. Not how much we know but how much we are willing to be taught, proves our line of access to Omniscience. Not the trivial things we do but the great things we attempt hold us heirs of Omnipotence. Life is an attitude; and the learner a god, for he makes his own.

## CLUB NEWS

We shall start our campaign here.

There are special reasons for this choice.

New York City probably contains more inharmony to the square mile than any other place in the world. Triumph here means triumph anywhere. And the need here is greatest.

Also, the demand for local centers in all parts of the world is rapidly increasing. Before this can be met, a plan of organization must be adopted and carried out under the personal supervision of the founders of the Club. We all live here. Accordingly, by the principle of concentration, we should focus here.

Another thing. About six hundred members of the Club reside in Greater New York. That means a nucleus already formed, on which to base a splendid growth. Nearly a hundred of our local members have asked for something to do, before we had the work ready for them. So there isn't any doubt as to how they feel.

This paragraph is in italics because it should mean a very great deal to us all.

*The first Harmony Meeting called by the Harmony Club will be held on Friday evening, November 12th, at 8.15 o'clock, in the Carnegie Lyceum, Fifty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, New York City.*

Three short addresses will be given as follows:

"The World's Need of Harmony".. Bishop Samuel Fallows

"Harmonizing One's Self"..... Edward Earle Purinton

"The Harmony Club"..... Edward H. Fallows

Miss Helen M. Fogler has charge of the music.

All the work of the year has been leading up to this meeting. A large proportion of our six hundred members in New York and vicinity have expressed a desire for local gatherings. From the developments of this evening, methods will be shaped to organize here and elsewhere. Everybody interested in the work of the Club and the advancement of the human race is heartily welcome.

Tickets may be had from the Secretary at 30 Church Street any time before noon of November 12th. There is no admission fee. If members living at a distance read this too late for a reply addressed to them, we shall be glad to mail tickets direct to their friends in New York.

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While the campaign is being organized, there is something you can do. It isn't much, but when each of our 2,500 members does it, the aggregate will be tremendous.

In order to get a certain magazine-rating which we must have to go on with the campaign, we require a membership of 10,000 by December.

Four times 2,500 is 10,000. If every member of the Club will set out to gain four new members by December 1st, that will ensure magnificent headway for the triumph we are going to achieve. You know people who are ill, weak, discouraged, vainly battling with conditions too hard for them. You can



make them happy—and incidentally be very happy—through telling them what the Club means, why it is needed, how it helps. Will you?

This work, from the beginning, must be coöperative in each life. We perhaps can suggest the way to Happiness—because we have had such trouble finding it ourselves. But you must do the traveling. And there is no better start than just to *feel responsible* for the success of the Club. The President has advanced every dollar from his personal income as a business man, to promote the work thus far. The rental of this office, alone, costs more per annum than the total receipts from memberships to the present time. Indeed for every dollar paid in, three dollars have been paid out. Fifty thousand members will put us on a self-supporting foundation. The increase must be gained largely through the influence of members; because the office helpers are working up to their limit on the various problems of inside organization. Even if we had the money, time and energy to spare, a hurried or sensational campaign would not be wise; mistakes are costly, and we should rather hasten slowly enough to avoid them. But there is no limit to the good that may be accomplished by your enthusiasm, determination, and persistence. And the time to start is now.

In this connection a letter just received from a loyal member proves what can be done. This friend is a New York school girl of twenty. Directly or indirectly, she has brought in *eight new members for every year of her life*. Who will break this record?

The letter follows:

"When I first joined the Harmony Club it occurred to me that a large membership list was essential to the Club and

that I might through my own efforts materially aid the Club by securing for it members among my friends.

"From the month of June, when I joined the Club, up to the present time I have been working steadily to increase the membership list and find that in four months' time I have secured a hundred members.

"When I determined to work for the interests of the Club I wrote to the Secretary and asked for fifty application blanks and pamphlets; with my receipt of these the work began.

"Almost at once I discovered that there would be various ways of securing members, reached by different methods. The simplest method was evolved from the Club Pin. I took great pains to wear it always, as I found that over and over again it would attract attention. 'What does "Be Happy" mean and what is the Harmony Club?' was a question which I continually heard. It was easy enough to explain the pin and the purposes of the Club and then to show the pamphlet. Thus in an almost effortless way I gained a certain per cent of my members.

"Another simple method was that of enlisting friends by correspondence. I wrote short letters explaining my interest in the Club and enclosing the little pamphlet and application blank with the expressed hope that it might prove of interest. By means of those letters I not only gained members but at the same time started an interest in the Club among friends who were at some distance, so that the letters had the advantage of spreading the influence of the Harmony Club in some parts of the country that it had not yet reached. In many cases people who had their attention called to it would not only join but would send the names of friends who might be interested.

"Of course the largest per cent of my recruits were gained

among the people with whom I came into personal contact. This was the method which required the most effort and thought but it was at the same time most effective. People are far more apt to heed the principles and aims of a Club from a member who is interested and active than they are to study a pamphlet that is sent them through the mails.

"Under this last method of gaining members I eventually found three divisions. First, the person who had already given thought to the objects of the Club and was practically waiting to join; second, the person in whom an interest could be roused; and third, the one who might join as a personal favor. This last class is rather discouraging and at first you feel that you would rather not have them join; but there is always the hope that they will profit by the literature and eventually feel a more genuine interest.

"At the beginning I was satisfied with working among my friends, but I soon realized that their names were not legion and that my list of members would increase more and more slowly. At the same time I realized that those of my friends who had become members might be encouraged to do somewhat as I had done, and I encouraged a few of them to begin. Then the work began to tell in round numbers. Within two months two members had each secured twenty members, two other friends enlisted five each, and thus in almost no time the subdivision of my own list of one hundred members registered fifty members. The increase continued and in three months' time I barely recognized my own little division of members, it had so branched and grown.

"I found it very satisfactory to keep a little note book in which I entered the members and kept a record of those who were actively helping.



"This book is interesting not only to yourself but to your friends as well and is a visible proof of how rapidly and easily the Club grows.

"My friends are showing an increasing interest and I feel that they will continue the work of extension with results greater than any single member could accomplish or even imagine."

The initial step in gaining new members will be to acquire as many copies of the new Club Leaflet as you may desire for use among your friends. We have just prepared an eight-page announcement of the right size to go easily in an ordinary envelope. This gives details of the Club organization and management such as could not be given when the original folder was distributed. We should like every member to secure at once a half-dozen copies at the very least. There is no charge, though you may add postage if you wish.

We have ordered an extra supply of the coin-mailers, on which most of you enrolled in the beginning. These are available to any reasonable number.

However, it will not be necessary to wait for the coin-mailers; the amount for the four memberships will be Two Dollars even. A Two Dollar note or two One Dollar notes may be pinned to a sheet of heavy paper and folded into your letter, then mailed at our risk.

Whatever practical suggestions we can offer to hasten the 10,000 membership will be gladly given if you will make your desire known. A very little effort, whole-hearted and persevering, from each member will do the work; and we are sure that you will be as much gratified as we shall, when the goal is reached.



## QUESTION BOX

Questions of general interest will be answered so far as we are able and numbered consecutively. Please make them brief. If you wish a personal reply by letter, kindly forward subscriptions to Club and Monthly for seven new members with names and addresses of seven friends. Letters for Question Box should be marked "Personal to the Editor."

### QUESTION 10. A New York Friend.

"Your doctrine is beautiful in theory but hopeless in real distress. Good for past and future troubles, but the present trouble could not be effaced by its smile."

What is the present trouble but the result of past mistakes? Put an end, swift and final, to the habit of erring and the cause of troubles vanishes forever.

I am glad this point was raised. If all criticisms were as honest, they would be more helpful than the majority of questions.

There are times when real distress is the only way to Happiness. Sensibility is the gauge of growth. And the capacity to *feel anything deeply* must bring suffering in a world as crude as this. But unless we can smile through our tears, the habit of smiling avails nothing. Our teaching is that of absolute faith under all conditions. This far-seeing attitude, resolutely kept, will reveal joy even in despair.

If you were half-starved, and emaciated from years of unsatisfied hunger, you would not expect the plumpness and robustness of health to return with the first morsel of real food. Digestion, assimilation, exercise, and rest must precede. According to the same law does mental and spiritual

food give nourishment. We must do the right thing and let Nature have her time. Character is no miracle, but a slow and painful growth bravely accomplished in the face of difficulty. Character and Happiness are one, to separate them is to lose both.

The Harmony Club will not guarantee to make you happy. It will help you to know more, and to do the best you know. Happiness follows.

QUESTION 11. Mrs. E. E. C.,—New England, N. D.  
"How shall we get along smoothly with people who oppose us?"

People never oppose us—they oppose what is in us, or in them, that should not be. Consequently, the way to annul opposition is to find the undesirable trait, and remove it. This is not always possible. While tigers are tigers and doves are doves, there will be people who cannot live together; the tiger-people because they will not cultivate gentleness are shamed by the presence of the doves; the dove-people because they cannot develop strength are shamed by the presence of the tigers; and each complacent animal votes the other a depraved and worthless citizen!

As a rule, however, friction takes place in a region of *unsuspected falseness*, where the habits and conventions of life have obscured the real issues. When we begin to grow mentally or spiritually we find that our old acquaintances gradually fall away just as the friends of our childhood give place to those of maturity. If conditions are such that we are held in close proximity with those who no longer understand us, then we begin to experience the everlasting opposition between social custom and individual aspiration. Before concluding, however, that the others are to blame

we must be very sure that the difference of opinion results from growth on our part. Even if it does there is no excuse for conflict. Wherever inharmony arises, either we are not voicing our own melody or we are sounding it so feebly that far-away discords intrude where they should not.

Opposition always indicates weakness in the opposed, and the end thereof is to compel strength. Independence thrives on difficulty. And when the world is against us we should rejoice the more because of the chance for swifter growth. Truth and one are a majority. Where one and the crowd disagree, the crowd is as much more wrong as there are people in it; because in proportion to its size the crowd interferes, and interference is always wrong.

On the other hand, the *eccentricities* of the individual should be mollified according to the feeling of the world at large. We cannot be wholly right and offend our neighbor in the slightest degree. If people remonstrate with us, they only acquaint us with ourselves. Could there be a service more friendly?

If your question were *definite*, it might be answered with greater satisfaction. *How* and *when* and *why* do people oppose you? In submitting questions, please give details (not for publication) wherever you wish immediate help.

QUESTION 12. Miss M. H. B.,—Rockford, Ill.

"To a person leading a busy materialistic life, how can greatest benefit be derived for a spiritual uplift to be carried into everyday life to meet the demands of every hour?"

A busy life is not necessarily materialistic. To the opposite, a spiritual life must be active, radiant, intensely, powerfully vital. Truth in the clouds means nothing—Truth in the world as it is means everything. What keeps the majority



from being spiritual is their unspiritual idea of spirituality. The first thing for a busy person to realize is the presence of Deity in the task of the hour. Religion, needing exercise, departs from the chancel and goes to the washtub or the ditch. Moral sinews grow strongest in the market-place, where the hurry, grime and din of life's hard battle put our hold on God to the test. Be glad for the balance that nothing ensures but the steady pressure of materialistic forces.

The idea of "spiritual uplift" is not wholly clear to the majority of conscientious people. A spiritual uplift is valuable only to the point of gaining our own vision—after that, what we need is the purpose and determination to face ordinary conditions *without* the emotional impetus that accompanies religious feeling. A spiritual uplift for every hour is not spiritual but hysterical. A spiritual *backbone* is essential for every hour and moment.

Those who find the materialism of the world in conflict with their own higher nature have but failed to sense the heart of things, which is always buoyant. The surface things of life cloy, irritate or deaden, not because they exist but because we do not animate them with a vital purpose. The first suggestion would be this: *Do nothing without a definite motive.* Instead of allowing routine to gain the upper hand, overmaster it with an ideal powerful enough to sweep away the consciousness of routine. In short, love the object of your work so tremendously that the mode of accomplishment may be transfigured in the light of expectation. This applies equally to an ambition or an affection; the great souls of the world are able to forget the petty vexations and trials of human experience in the larger vision of what these things lead to. When the goal of endeavor is unselfish, the path contains no thorns.



One simple exercise, if made a habit, will provide a spiritual uplift for each day as it comes. The first thing in the morning, go alone and in imagination lift yourself above whatever unimportant things may happen during the course of the day. The best method for you may be a long walk at sunrise, or a short period of meditation, or a little communion with some poet, philosopher or mystic, or a season of prayer, or a happy song, or an exercise in deliberate cultivation of will-power to force you through the demands, expected or unexpected, that your labor involves. If necessary, rise a half-hour earlier; or plan some other way to make *aloofness* your spiritual compass. The habit of listening to one's self in every crisis will, when confirmed as second nature, answer each longing in the most confused life.

QUESTION 13. Mrs. M. W. N.,—Boston.

"Is the highest form of happiness to be attained by studying to make ourselves happy, or in service for others?"

We should never study to make ourselves happy. We should only realize and express the whole of us. Being unhappy is merely falling short of our possibilities. We may be the warrior, born to conquer at any cost; or we may be the angel of mercy, born to heal the bruises that mark the wake of the warrior. Being one's self is everything, and Happiness thrown in.

The rose blooms and the lark sings, each in its own sweet way. The sun shines and the earth waits for the melting of the dew; the huge clouds deliver themselves and the tiny green things wave in thanksgiving; solar systems plow through space careless of aught save their own impulsion and never a mite in their path is lost from out God's plan; age

follows age by swift, exact progression; world mates with world and mote finds mote; you and I are here because the same Power moves within us, urging us to know ourselves as one; what comes to either goes to aid the other; throughout the Universe whatever is, in being that, cheers and lights and blesses all things else.

Among the ten chief elements of Happiness, Home is perhaps third in importance. The factor most universal is Work, as presented in the October issue. The second factor is Knowledge, as suggested in November. Other elements will be discussed in the following numbers.

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THE LEADING ARTICLE FOR DECEMBER

WILL BE

“A Real Home”

# The Harmony Club Resolve

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TO CREATE HAPPINESS  
IN MYSELF AND OTHERS

## I will

Keep a strong body for the work I have to do ;

A loving heart for those about me ;

A clear mind for all truth, whose recognition  
brings freedom ;

A poised, unconquerable soul for the ideal  
whose champion I declare myself

## And

I WILL possess a faith mighty enough to rout anxiety, ride over difficulty, challenge hardship, smile through grief, deny failure, see only victory, looking to the end ; by which hopeful assurance now attuned, I am at peace with myself, the world, and the Infinite

"HARMONY AT THE CENTER RADIATES HAPPINESS  
THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE SPHERE OF LIFE"



## CENTER PHILOSOPHY

Knowing is Doing.

Definition of Truth: *Whatever makes us try.*

How to start learning: Forget what you've been taught.

The test of knowledge is whether it feeds or starves the imagination.

Instruction is death, save as inspiration precedes and illumination follows.

The ignorant man chooses books that teach him—the wise chooses books that make him think.

To allow an error to go unchallenged is to participate in it.

Nobody knows so little as the man that knows too much. He alone is ignorant of his ignorance, and the ignorance irretrievable is ignorance of ignorance.

This is education: To feel with others, but to speak, think and act for oneself.

The football game of life proceeds in two halves; the first is waged on the plane of *Perception*, the second on the field of *Power*. Those who fail usually omit the first half.

At the court of Heaven all thieves are acquitted but the one who has robbed us of our faith.

The end of knowing is to feel oneself nothing; the end of feeling is to know oneself everything.

He who has looked once on Truth, *speaks*; he who has looked twice, *meditates*; he who has looked thrice, *works*.

Perfection consists in illumining a life all human with a consciousness all divine.

The one real wisdom is that Love is wiser.